

The Mirror

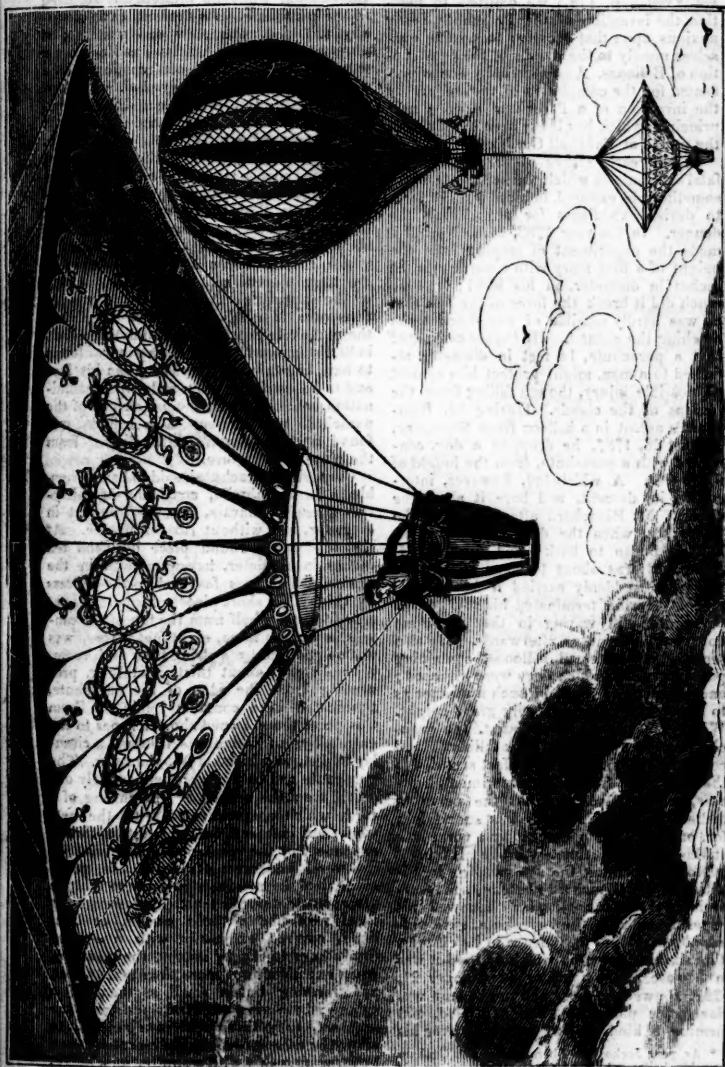
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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ASCENT OF THE VAUXHALL BALLOON AND MR. COCKING'S PARACHUTE.

VOL. XXX.

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MR. COCKING'S NEW PARACHUTE.

In the brief sketch of the science of aeronautics, introductory to our description of Mr. Green's Vauxhall Balloon, (See *Mirror* vol. xxviii., p. 178.) we omitted to mention the invention of the Parachute, being anxious upon that occasion to confine ourselves merely to the details of the construction of Balloons. An opportunity is now presented for the completion of the subject by the invention of a Parachute upon a new principle, which has lately been exhibited to the public at Vauxhall Gardens.

In the early stages of aerostation, the fatal accidents to which the aeronauts might sometimes be exposed, induced philosophers to devise expedients for diminishing the danger. In the year 1783, M. le Normand made the experiment of leaping from the height of a first story with a parachute, 30 inches in diameter, in his hand; and so much did it break the force of the fall, that he was hardly sensible of any shock upon reaching the ground. He thence calculated that a parachute, 14 feet in diameter, attached to a man, might protect him against all possible injury, though falling from the regions of the clouds. During M. Blanchard's ascent in a balloon from Strasburg, August 26, 1787, he dropped a dog, connected with a parachute, from the height of 6,000 feet. A whirlwind, however, interrupted its descent, and bore it above the clouds. M. Blanchard afterwards met the parachute, when the dog, recognising his master, began to bark; and, just as M. Blanchard was about to seize it, another whirlwind suddenly carried it beyond his reach. Having terminated his voyage, the parachute, still waving in the air, came down twelve minutes afterwards. He also sent up several small balloons, containing parachutes, to which dogs were attached; and constructed them in such a manner as to burst on arriving at a very great height. When the balloons had burst, the parachutes were necessarily set at liberty, and conveyed the animals in perfect security to the ground.* In a daring experiment, however, which Blanchard had the nerve to make on himself, he was less successful; for, on hazarding a descent by a parachute at Basle, he unfortunately broke his leg.

Notwithstanding the discouraging termination of M. Blanchard's attempt, M. Garnerin, by the success which followed his experiments with the parachute, gave philosophers absolute confidence in its efficacy. The sixth occasion on which he tried it was in his ascent from Paris, on October 21, 1797. Between the car and the balloon was placed the parachute, half expanded, and forming a kind of tent or canopy over his

head. The weather was favourable, and the balloon made a rapid ascent: when nearly 2,000 feet high, as M. Garnerin conjectured, he separated the parachute from the balloon, while he himself was attached to the parachute. Its descent, as it gradually unfolded, was slow and vertical; it afterwards began to oscillate, and acquire a rotatory motion, and soon conducted the aeronaut in safety to the ground. In September, 1802, Garnerin repeated the experiment in an ascent from London: in eight minutes, he rose 8,000 feet, when he cut away the parachute from the balloon, and descended along with it. For several seconds, the machine came down with frightful velocity, first tossed on one side, and then on the other; ever and anon making such wide oscillations as that the car, in which sat the aeronaut, was placed in an horizontal line with the parachute position of the apparatus. At length, after passing thus over Marylebone and Somers Town, the parachute reached the ground in a field in St. Pancras, when poor Garnerin was found to have been violently thrown upon his face and to be much injured; and, upon examination, one of the principal strings of the parachute was broken. The balloon was found next day twelve miles distant from the place of departure.

Garnerin's parachute is said to have resembled a large umbrella, consisting of thirty-two gores of canvass, twenty-three feet in diameter, and without ribs or handle. At the top was a round piece of wood ten inches in diameter, having a hole in the centre, which was fastened to the canvass by thirty-two short pieces of tape. About four feet and a half from the top of the canvass, a wooden hoop, eight feet across, was put on and tied by a string from each seam. Several ropes, about thirty feet long, proceeding from the edge of the parachute, terminated in a common joining. From this point there issued shorter ropes to the extremities of which was fastened a circular basket, in which sat M. Garnerin. The parachute and basket were immediately disunited from the balloon by the cutting of a cord, which communicated with the network; and in falling, the parachute naturally expended, by the resistance of the air.

Several improvements upon this parachute had been suggested prior to that we are about to describe: viz. by constructing it of varnished cambric muslin, or light linen, covered externally with a netting firmly fixed to it; by making the diameter, when expanded, not more than twenty feet, and forming but a small segment of a sphere; by having a central aperture in the segment, fully three feet in diameter, to allow the escape of air as it descended; and by furnishing this with a shutter on a hinge, which the aeronaut might close or open, by

* As poor Jocko was liberated by Mr. Graham from his balloon, in a parachute last year, on his ascent from the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

means of a cord connecting the shutter with the basket.

Upon Garnerin's descent, it was remarked by many scientific men present, that the great oscillation which took place from the moment the machine expanded till it reached the earth, must have been attributable to some defect in the principle of its construction. Again, it altogether weighed so little that any common balloon was capable of ascending with it; but to keep the new instrument in its proper shape, numerous large hoops, wooden braces, and a variety of other apparatus, were necessary, which rendered the whole of so great a weight, that the persevering inventor, after all his labours, saw his models lie useless for years.

The following correct details of the new parachute have been communicated to the *Times* journal.

"Mr. Cocking, a gentleman who has made the science of aërostation his study for many years, and who has also delivered public lectures on the subject, was present at Garnerin's descent, and has since devoted much time and labour to discover the errors in the parachute then employed. Like all inventors, he met with numerous failures and disappointments, but at length his efforts were crowned with success, at least as far as experiments could prove; and we believe the circumstance which first led him to adopt the form now about to be used was the accidental dropping an umbrella from a balcony. The umbrella fell the first few feet with the handle downwards, but after several oscillations its position was reversed, and having become inverted, it fell steadily to the ground.

"Mr. Cocking, from this occurrence, felt convinced that the proper shape of such an instrument was exactly the opposite to that used by Garnerin, and that it *should be a convex* instead of a concave surface, or a cone with its apex downwards.

"On learning the intention of the proprietors of Vauxhall to build a balloon of extraordinary dimensions, Mr. Cocking communicated to them his plan for introducing a parachute. All difficulty was, however, not yet removed, for the very natural question arose as to what was to become of the balloon after the parachute should be detached from it, the custom having previously been to construct one of cheap materials merely to serve for the one ascent, and which was generally either lost or destroyed, having frequently been blown out to sea; for no aeronaut could be found who would undertake to ascend and suffer so great a weight to be instantaneously separated from the balloon. Mr. Green, however, stated his opinion that the object might be accomplished without accident to the aeronaut, and removed all difficulty by offer-

ing to make the ascent himself. All was soon arranged, a new parachute of extraordinary dimensions constructed, and Monday, July 24th, fixed for the experiment. Three hoops, the largest of which is 107 feet in circumference, are connected by ten light spars of wood, from the frame-work of the machine. These are strengthened by a series of small lines stretching from the upper hoop to the lower, and the whole is covered by a fine cloth; the latter consists of 23 gores, 59 inches at their greatest diameters, and gradually diminishing to 11 inches, which, when sewed together, form a cone, at an angle of 30 degrees.

"The car is of wicker, and its attachment to the lower hoop resembles that of the car of a balloon, which always retains its perpendicular whatever movement there may take place in the machine above. A strong rope descends from the hoop underneath the car of the balloon, and, passing through an iron ring on the top of the main centre cord of the parachute, ascends on the other side, to be made fast to the instrument commonly used by Mr. Green for liberating the balloon. From this a thin cord hangs down to the car of the parachute, and thus gives Mr. Cocking the opportunity of making the separation at any moment he may deem favourable. The surface exposed to the action of the air is 124 square yards, and the weight of the apparatus 223 lb. This, added to Mr. Cocking's weight, viz. 170 lb. gives the total of 393 lb.; but it is calculated that the parachute is capable of descending with safety with a weight considerably greater which is of course all in favour of the success of the experiment. The rate of the descent, as nearly as can be calculated, will be about 10 feet in a second, or six miles and a half an hour; but this will, of course, in some measure depend on the state of the atmosphere."

Such were the anticipations of Mr. Cocking, which his enthusiasm had almost wrought up to certainty. The afternoon of Monday proved fine, and the novelty of the attraction drew crowds of all ranks to Vauxhall Gardens and its vicinity. The vast balloon was inflated by five o'clock, soon after which Mr. Green prepared to connect with it the parachute, by allowing the balloon first to ascend a short distance, and then removing the parachute beneath it. After much difficulty, this was effected by a rope as before described, and Mr. Cocking placed himself in the car or basket of the parachute, the distance between which and the car of the balloon, in which were Mr. Green and a Mr. Spencer, being between 40 and 50 feet. Up to this moment, every attempt had been made by Mr. Green and Mr. F. Gye, to dissuade Mr. Cocking from his perilous experiment, but in vain; and at 20 minutes before 8 o'clock having shaken hands with many of his friends,

the balloon and the attached parachute rose majestically from the earth. Nothing could be finer than the ascent, save a peculiar effect that we noticed just previously, when the setting sun illumined the surface of the huge balloon with magnificence approaching to gold, and an almost supernatural effulgence. As the aeronauts rose, the transparency of the outspread parachute, with its tasteful emblematical embellishments, was extremely pleasing. There was scarcely any oscillation in the ascending bodies, and they sailed nobly through the air, continuing in sight but 10 minutes, when they were lost in a cloud.

The disastrous conclusion of the experiment we are as yet able to relate but in the words of two gentlemen who witnessed the descent of the parachute near Lee in Kent, and have communicated the particulars to the *Times* journal. The first Correspondent writes:—

"I was looking at the balloon with the parachute as they drifted steadily before a gentle wind. In an instant afterwards, I observed the balloon shooting upwards with great velocity, and the parachute, which had been suddenly separated from it, falling with great rapidity. I lost sight of the balloon, and my eye was fixed on the parachute.

"The sky was serene; the beams of the setting sun fell on the parachute, and every part was distinctly visible; the breeze in the region in which it was descending was so gentle as scarcely to exert any perceptible influence in turning it from its perpendicular direction, and where I stood, perhaps about 600 yards from where it alighted, the air did not move the leaves of an elm-tree. For a few moments, the parachute descended so beautifully, and preserved its position so steadily, notwithstanding its fearful motion, that I thought it would reach the ground in safety; and I felt relieved from an intense momentary excitement, from an apprehension flashing across my mind, that perhaps some human being was periling life itself in the experiment.

"Being ignorant of the *real* form of the parachute, I speak of it as it appeared from a distance. To my eye, it had a round, flattish shape, and at this moment it seemed to lean a little to one side; it was not horizontal. It remained for a moment or two in this position. All the while it was descending rapidly.

"It then fell, as it were, to the opposite side, but with a quicker motion than when it first lost its horizontal position. It now oscillated several times quickly. A sort of flapping motion was then perceptible, and the parachute appeared lessened in diameter. It then apparently turned over, and at this moment something fell out of it at a great height, which, for the instant I could keep it in sight, did not fall much faster than the parachute. The parachute again turned over, and, to me and some others standing near, it disappeared for the twinkling of an eye, and in the suc-

ceeding instant it was seen to have changed its flattish circular form to that of a long body like an umbrella partially opened, or more correctly, perhaps, to a balloon very much collapsed and descending with a great velocity. Some trees intervening prevented my further observation.

"I made my way through the fields in the direction in which I had seen it falling, and as I reached a spot at a little distance from where it fell I saw the lifeless body of the unfortunate gentleman placed on a hurdle to be conveyed by some farm labourers to an inn at Lee."

Another eye-witness relates:—"The noise produced, I suppose, from the breaking of the supports, was astounding; it indeed seemed impossible that an individual could live in such a situation. He reached the earth alive, but quite insensible. He was alive for ten minutes after he came on the earth, but it was apparent that all was hopeless, from the great wound on his temple."

Another observer from Sydenham Common notes:—"The parachute in form was that of an inverted cone, with its sides from the apex to the base slightly convex; at seven minutes and a half to eight o'clock, when it was detached from the balloon, its sides from the apex to the base appeared slightly concave, descending very steadily for about ten seconds, when it appeared to enter a cloud, and I lost sight of it about eight or ten seconds; it then emerged from beneath the cloud, and continued to descend as steadily as when first separated from the balloon for about forty or forty-five seconds, its distance then being, I should judge, from the earth by the elevation of my telescope to be about one mile, when the upper rim of the parachute suddenly collapsed, and its descent instantly became more rapid, and descended with such accelerated velocity that I did not keep it in sight more than five or six seconds. The whole time elapsed in its descent from its separation from the balloon to the time I lost sight of it was one minute and ten seconds. At the time it was detached from the balloon I should judge it was full one mile and a quarter from the earth."

The *Times* report adds:—"It is evident from the marks in the basket in which Mr. Cocking stood, that he must have remained in it until he reached the earth. This conviction is also borne out by the injuries apparent on the body of the deceased. The whole of the ribs appear to be broken or displaced; in addition to the cut over the right eye, and the dislocation of the ankle, the whole of the skin around the neck is likewise exceedingly discoloured, as though the effect of a heavy fall."

The Engraving shows the parachute, with its embellishments, the basket with its striped drapery, with the ill-fated experi-

mentalist as he rose from Vauxhall Gardens in short-sighted confidence of achievement. In the distance is represented the parachute appended to the balloon bearing the more fortunate aeronauts; whose very interesting narrative of their voyage shall appear in our next Number.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ALMS.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—It is not necessary that alms should always come out of a sack. A man may be charitable, though he hath not an expanding plenty. God being the creator of the will, is sometimes pleased when that extendeth towards him; so there are few that may plead poverty as a total exemption; for, if they have but a rich mind, their return may be as great as his, that with wealth did venture a great deal more. But surely where there is plenty, charity this way is a duty, not a courtesy: it is a tribute imposed by heaven upon us; and he is no good subject that does refuse to pay it. God having caused many rivers to run into our sea, we ought in a mutual return of tide, to water all those low and thirsty places that our waves may reach at. Something nature seems to speak this way; for, questionless, the earth, with the benefits it produces, was, at the first, intended for the use of mankind in general; and no man ought so to grasp at it, but that another may have a share as well as himself. If he be not so fortunate in acquiring it, yet he hath a right of common, though he may not be permitted to break into another's inclosure. Suitable to this, we are enjoined to love our neighbour as ourselves; and the Israelites were commanded to leave in the field, and after vintage, gleanings and remains for the poor. And we cannot but notice, that there are in the Scriptures frequent precepts and promises relating to the grace of giving alms. The efficacy set upon this charity, would make one incline, at first view, to think it had a kind of inherent merit with it; for we find it ranked with, and almost made equivalent to, righteousness. A learned and laborious writer informs us, that alms and righteousness are, in the New Testament, used promiscuously, the one for the other. It is a virgin, encompassed with all the graces, ever ready to appear and plead for us, with clear and courteous looks. Surely, it is the part of a good steward to see that all the family be provided for: he that doth take care of the poor, hath certainly a fairer account to give, than those who think only of themselves and spend their time in riot and wantonness. It is true, there are many poor that deserve not charity, if we look at their vices, and the mispending of what they have given them; and, therefore, the reward of

charity is not in the receiver so much as in him that bestows. If I do my part well, I shall not lose the benefit, because another makes ill use of it. When one blamed Aristotle for giving to a man of dissolute habits, he answered, "I gave not to the manners, but to the man." That is properly the best alms when one is giving of one's own, in obedience to the laws of charity; and when given with readiness adds vigour to the benefit. If we wish that heaven may be the country we are to dwell in, it will be best to make over what we have here, to be ready against our arrival. What we leave behind, we lose, as never after being likely to make use of it; but this way bestowed, we both carry it with us, and leave it also here.

W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

AFFECTING STORY OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN,
WHO DIED AT SMYRNA.

* * * His name was W—, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the Hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the care of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang, with a peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air; curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and, clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rosebud as she sang her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation, and reflection on the consequence, he threw himself over the wall, and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark, expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was thrilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but

not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his attention again. He now endeavoured to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement; but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him again to bid her adieu. With the exception of these childlike wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent; she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W—— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity, in primal beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself, almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked the meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a similar change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects, of her malady.

This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden; the consequence was, that at their next meeting, an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W——'s visit to the superior of the establishment; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigour, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again permitted to see him.

A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both; and, after some

conferences, it was resolved that W—— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing; till at length, she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

It appears, however, that, after some farther intercourse, W—— was compelled to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted; but her former memory seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the meantime, W—— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of memory roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview, W—— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger; she met him with a calm and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavour to make a second impression on

her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within "that aching void the world can never fill." He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to soothe his memory, and change no charm to lull it:—

"Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray."

At length, he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honourably mentioned amongst the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death, he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palakini. He, therefore, took a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos, combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption. * * *

Words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach-trees around his window, through which the sunbeams were streaming on his deathbed, tinged with the golden dyes of

sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear calm voice of the muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W—, but his soul had bade adieu to mortality: he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle. His remains were interred in the English burying-ground. The few travellers at the moment in Smyrna attended, and the Janizaries of the Consul preceded the coffin, which was borne by four sailors, and covered with an English ensign. In a solitary corner of the cemetery, beside a group of cypresses, his grave was dug by the attendants of the British Hospital; and his last remains rested by those of his countrymen who have fallen victims to the climate of the Levant.

Mr. Arundel, the chaplain to the factory, read the service of the church over his tomb; and perhaps it never was pronounced under more melancholy circumstances, beneath the calm, bright sky of Asia, on an eminence which looked down on the bustle of the city, but was far removed from its din and clamour, and disturbed by no sound save the sigh of his friend, the hum of the glittering insects fluttering in the sunshine, and the hollow rattle of the clay on the receptacle of the wanderer's dust.—*Emerson's Letters from the Ægean.*

The Contemporary Traveller.

NOTES MADE ON A RECENT JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF THE RIVER ORONTES IN SYRIA.

By W. Buckhardt Barker, Esq.*

[The following notes were extracted from a journal kept by Mr. W. B. Barker, during a journey through a considerable portion of Syria in 1835. The writer of them, whose father, J. Barker, Esq., many years consul at Aleppo and afterwards at Alexandria, is well known for his obligingness and hospitality to all travellers in the East, has the advantage of speaking and writing Arabic as his native language. His route led him from Beirut to Batrun and Kanubin, over Mount Lebanon to Balbek, thence to the source of the Orontes; returning by 'Ain-netef to Tripoli, and thence along the coast as far as Suweidiyah, near the mouth of the Orontes,—a journey of about 400 miles. As the greater part of this route has been already described by Maundrell, Squire, Buckhardt, Irby and Maugels, La Martine, and other travellers, the extracts selected are chiefly those which give a description of the passage of Lebanon and the journey to the sources of the Orontes; no account of the latter, it is believed, having been published: these notes also acquire an additional interest at the present moment, since so large a part of the country to which they relate was desolated by the widely-felt earthquake by which Syria was visited in the beginning of the present year.]

August, 1835.—Left Beirut in the afternoon, with the intention of sleeping the first

* From the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.

† Ain-net-e, "the forth-coming spring."

night at Nahr el Kelb, or Dog's River. The road, after crossing the Nahr el Salib, lies along the sea-shore to the northward till we come to a craggy promontory, on the northern side of which flows the stream; over the hill is a well-contrived ascent, which I should attribute to Roman, if not to a more ancient construction; on the left, and close to the water's edge, are the remains of what appear to have been baths. On the top of the hill on the right, and overhead in a conspicuous position, are three inscriptions, which have been lately copied in plaster by Signor Bonomi.*

The situation here is very picturesque; two precipitous rocks form a ravine, through which flows the Nahr el Kelb, under a curiously-contrived bridge, which is only made use of during the winter inundations.

Two hours slow walking brought me to Juni, situated behind a promontory similar to that of Nahr el Kelb, but smaller, in a pretty valley open to the sea, and on a sandy beach where boats bring wheat, barley, and dhurrah,† for sale, and pay to Mahomed Ali a duty of five piastres per ardeb.‡ This place furnishes silk, which this year has failed, on account perhaps of the disordered state of the people, who were all dispersed in great fear of being pressed into the army, and could not pay sufficient attention to their plantations. I slept this evening in the coffee-house of an Armenian, a fine, hearty, old man of more than eighty years of age, who had been established here for the last forty years, and had learnt Arabic remarkably well. He still, however, preferred Turkish, and was quite delighted to find that I could converse with him in that language. He doubled his attentions, and spent part of the night recounting his adventures. He had two Armenian Bibles in his possession. He was much grieved at the loss of the best of his sons, a young man of twenty-three, but appeared resigned to the will of Providence.

A little beyond Juni is another promontory that projects into the sea in the same way as the two last-mentioned, and over it the road has been cut. On the left stands an old tower or light house, which may perhaps be cited in proof of a story told in this country, but for which I cannot vouch, that the Empress Helena, when the cross had been found, ordered light-houses or beacons to be built from Jerusalem to Constantinople, which on the day of the opening of the tomb of our Saviour she caused to be lighted, and thus conveyed the news to her

capital by a sort of telegraph; and they show to this day a similar tower strongly built at Ras Beirut, at about twenty minutes' walk from the town.

Half way to Jubail§ is the beautiful little river Nahr Ibrahim, over which is a high bridge. A little further on I was overtaken by two Druse|| ladies, who were going to see their friends near Jubail; their dress, which was rich, covered with a white veil that concealed the whole person, was kept over their heads by a sort of silver horn. The agility of these women is astonishing: they appear not in the least encumbered by their robes, mounting and descending from their donkeys without any assistance. When riding they put off their slippers for fear of dropping them by the way.

Beyond Jubail by the coast there is a sponge fishery, whence a great number of sponges of a fine quality are collected every year by some Greek sailors, who come from Syria, and are generally under French protection.

There is a similar fishery to the south of Beirut, between it and Saida or Sidon. Batrun has had a pretty good harbour, but it is now filled up with mud and sand, and only small boats can enter. From Batrun I left the coast for the interior of the country.

At one hour from Batrun, after a pretty ride along the valley, we reach the Castle of Mascilihah, probably Turkish. It stands on a rock, and is about 100 feet high.

On the way to Knaubin, before one ascends the mountain which leads to Tirzah and thence to Haddad and Bideman, (where the Maronite patriarch resides in summer), in the plain, at half an hour's distance from the road, stands the old church of Beizah; it has four Ionic columns, of which three are standing. The ascent before reaching Tirzah is tedious, but the road pretty good. I slept here under the wall of a Maronite church, and heard the psalmody of the villagers.

The next morning I arrived in two hours at Haddad, after passing a very bad road up a steep ascent.

I was here delighted with the manners of the superior, who, though not an old man, has really a venerable patriarchal appearance; his conduct towards every body is marked by that humility which governs by the sceptre of love; this he sways with great power and honour, and does credit to the confidence necessarily placed in him. He is absolute master; no prince can reign more effectually over his people. He has private property, which renders him independent of his flock. The patriarch was

§ The Little Mountain, the first vowel is very rapidly and indistinctly uttered, hence Burckhardt spells it Ijebail (Syria, p. 172).—F. S.

|| Properly Durze for Duruz, commonly written Druse, is the plural.—F. S.

* See Signor Bonomi's account of these inscriptions, just published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.

† Sorghum vulgare, the Juwar of Hindustan.—F. S.

‡ The Ardeb in Cairo is about three bushels of our measure, and one piastre equal to about 3d. sterling.—Ed.

residing in a country house at Bideman, about two hours from Haddad, and on the top of the mountain. His see is at Kanubin. The monks here are jealous of their library, and on my asking what books they had, I was answered "none." I obtained, however, permission to see them all, and looked them over one by one; they consist chiefly of books of devotion, many in Latin. They have a printed work in Arabic on Trigonometry, and three books of which I took a note,* but which must be known in Europe. The rest were prayer-books and theological discussions in Syriac and Arabic. There were no Coptic or Cufic manuscripts.

On the road from Bideman to Bisherra (the village nearest to where the cedars are of the greatest size) is the most delightful scenery imaginable; nothing to equal or surpass it out of Europe. You may easily fancy yourself in a fairy land; every thing seems to grow spontaneously. No peasants are seen at work; they have nothing to do but to sow and reap, and the abundance of water that flows on every side saves them the trouble of irrigating. I never had a pleasanter ride. The poplar, the dark-green walnut-trees, and the weeping willows, form a beautiful contrast with the barren rocks that hang in huge precipices over you, while you pass through a fertile land, refreshed by water-falls in all directions; and the distant view of the cedars on the bare rock, at the foot of a snow-capped mountain, enchants the traveller and raises his expectation of the far-famed forests of Solomon. The quiet appearance of this remote quarter

* 1. The discourses of Lokman the Sage. 2. A Poem by Filibus Fodul. 3. The Tale of King Kalad and his Vizir.

seems to denote the hand of Providence majestically pointing out this place as fit for the retreat of religion in an oppressed land.

(To be continued.)

Anecdote Gallery.

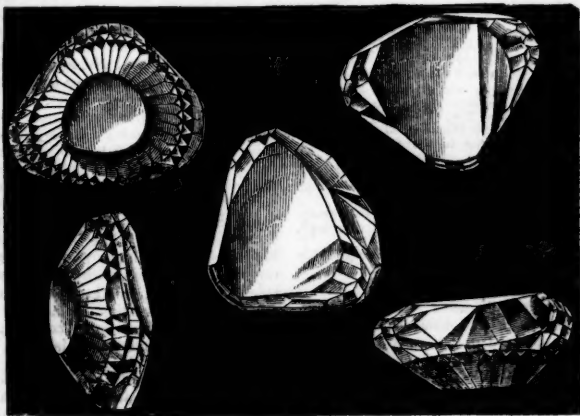
LARGE DIAMONDS.

EVERY tyro in mineralogy, as well as every reader of the pleasant anecdotic gossip about Diamonds and Precious Stones, must remember the frequent mention of the Nassuck and Arcot Diamonds.

The Nassuck diamond was among the spoils which were captured by the combined armies, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, in the British conquest of India, and formed part of what is generally termed the "Deccan booty," from its being taken in that part of India which is designated the "Deccan." This magnificent diamond is as large as a good-sized walnut, weighs $357\frac{1}{2}$ grains, is of dazzling whiteness, and is as pure as a drop of dew.

The Arcot diamonds are of great brilliancy, and very large: they were formerly the property of Queen Charlotte, and were sold by direction of Her Majesty's Executors; the purchasers being Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, the celebrated jewellers, of Ludgate-hill.

These diamonds were sold by auction, by Messrs. Sharp, at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, on the 20th instant; the Nassuck by order of the Trustees of the Deccan Prize Money; and the Arcot, by order of the executors of the late Mr. Bridge. The sale was a most interesting exhibition and drew together hundreds of



(The Nassuck Diamond.)

cognoscenti and dealers in precious stones. Besides the diamonds there were several other costly jewels extraordinary for their size and beauty; making in all 24 lots, which were sold at the following prices to the following purchasers:—

- Lot 1. Sapphire weighing seventy-five and a-half carats, set with Brilliants for a Brooch.—493*l*. (Storr and Mortimer.)
2. Pair of Brilliant Ear-rings, the drops fifty-six and a-half grains.—750*l*. (Blogg.)
3. Cluster Brilliant Necklace, with large Brilliants between each cluster.—960*l*. (Rosslyn.)
4. Pair of top and drop Emerald Ear-rings, the drops seventy-seven and a-quarter carats.—465*l*. (Pitta.)
5. Pair of Brilliant top and drop Ear-rings, one pair of drops, fifty-four grains, and one pair ditto, 26 grains.—850*l*. (Morton.)
6. Turkish dagger richly enamelled and mounted with Brilliants and Rubies, and a large Emerald on the top.—300*l*. (Rosslyn.)
7. Single-stone Brilliant Ring, set transparent. 160*l*. (Blogg.)
8. THE NASSUCK DIAMOND, weighing three hundred and fifty-seven and a-half grains.—7,300*l*. (Emanuel, Brothers.)

(The Arcot Diamonds.)

9. Spread Brilliant drop, seventy-nine and a-quarter grains.—1,180*l*. (Blogg.)
10. Spread Brilliant drop, fifty-five and a-half grains.—1,180*l*. (Blogg.)
11. Large oblong Brilliant, one hundred and fifty-one and a-quarter grains.—2,800*l*. (Barber.)
12. Pair of Brilliant Ear-rings, weighing two hundred and twenty-three and a-half grains, perhaps the finest in the world, 11,000*l*. (Emanuel, Brothers.)
13. Brilliant necklace, consisting of 36 collets.—1,600*l*. (Rosslyn.)
14. Pair of fine top and drop Brilliant Ear-rings, the drops eighty-six and a-quarter grains.—2,500*l*. (Barber.)
15. Brilliant Necklace.—2,050*l*. (Morton.)
16. Pearl Necklace, with Brilliant clasp.—535*l*. (Jessell.)
17. Pair of spread Brilliant drops, sixty and a-half grains.—790*l*. (Barber.)
18. Curious drop-shaped Brilliant, forty-nine grains.—Formerly in the St. Esprit, belonging to Louis XVI.—450*l*. (Blogg.)
19. Brilliant drops, one hundred and a-half grains.—Formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette.—1,775*l*. (Rosslyn.)
20. Magnificent Rose Diamond, 63 grains.—Formerly belonging to the Sultan Selim.—1,300*l*. (Barber.)
21. Fine Brilliant drop, one hundred and eight grains.—Formerly belonging to Joseph Buonaparte.—2,100*l*. (Morton.)
22. Fine round Brilliant, one hundred and twenty-five and a-half grains.—3,500*l*. (Emanuel, Brothers.)
23. Lozenge-shape Brilliant, sixty-two grains.—700*l*. (Barber.)
24. Pearl Necklace.—850*l*. (Garrard.)

The Nassuck diamond is considered to have fetched a price considerably under its value. In printed notices of this gem, we find it estimated at four times the above sum. Mr. Murray in his interesting *Memoir on the Diamond*, notes: "its weight is stated to be 89½ carats, and it was originally valued by the East India Company at 30,000*l*."

The Public Journals.

OLIVER TWIST AND THE PICKPOCKETS.

By Bos.

For eight or ten days Oliver remained in the Jew's room, picking the marks out of the pocket-handkerchiefs, (of which a great number were brought home,) and sometimes taking part in the game already described, which the two boys and the Jew played regularly every day. At length he began to languish for the fresh air, and took many occasions of earnestly entreating the old gentleman to allow him to go out to work with his two companions.

Oliver was rendered the more anxious to be actively employed by what he had seen of the stern morality of the old gentleman's character. Whenever the Dodger or Charley Bates came home at night empty-handed, he would expatiate with great vehemence on the misery of idle and lazy habits, and enforce upon them the necessity of an active life by sending them supperless to bed: upon one occasion he even went so far as to knock them both down a flight of stairs; but this was carrying out his virtuous precepts to an unusual extent.

At length one morning Oliver obtained the permission he had so eagerly sought. There had been no handkerchiefs to work upon, for two or three days, and the dinners had been rather meagre. Perhaps these were reasons for the old gentleman's giving his assent; but, whether they were or not, he told Oliver he might go, and placed him under the joint guardianship of Charley Bates and his friend the Dodger.

The three boys sallied out, the Dodger with his coat-sleeves tucked up and his hat cocked as usual, Master Bates sauntering along with his hands in his pockets and Oliver between them, wondering where they were going, and what branch of manufacture he would be instructed in first.

The pace at which they went was such a very lazy, ill-looking saunter, that Oliver soon began to think his companions were going to deceive the old gentleman, by not going to work at all. The Dodger had a vicious propensity, too, of pulling the caps from the heads of small boys and tossing them down areas; while Charley Bates exhibited some very loose notions concerning the rights of property by pilfering divers apples and onions from the stalls at the kennel sides, and thrusting them into pockets which were so surprisingly capacious, that they seemed to undermine his whole suit of clothes in every direction. These things looked so bad, that, Oliver was on the point of declaring his intention of seeking his way back in the best way he could, when his thoughts were suddenly directed into another

channel by a very mysterious change of behaviour on the part of the Dodger.

They were just emerging from a narrow court not far from the open square in Clerkenwell, which is called, by some strange perversion of terms, "The Green," when the Dodger made a sudden stop, and, laying his finger on his lip, drew his companions back again with the greatest caution and circumspection.

"What's the matter?" demanded Oliver.

"Hush!" replied the Dodger. "Do you see that old cove at the book-stall?"

"The old gentleman over the way?" said Oliver. "Yes, I see him."

"He'll do," said the Dodger.

"A prime plant," observed Charley Bates.

Oliver looked from one to the other with the greatest surprise, but was not permitted to make any inquiries, for the two boys walked stealthily across the road, and slunk close behind the old gentleman towards whom his attention had been directed. Oliver walked a few paces after them, and, not knowing whether to advance or retire, stood looking on in silent amazement.

The old gentleman was a very respectable looking personage, with a powdered head and gold spectacles; dressed in a bottle-green coat with a black velvet collar, and white trousers: with a smart bamboo cane under his arm. He had taken up a book from the stall, and there he stood, reading away as hard as if he were in his elbow-chair in his own study. It was very possible that he fancied himself there, indeed; for it was plain, from his utter abstraction, that he saw not the book-stall, nor the street, nor the boys, nor, in short, anything but the book itself, which he was reading straight through, turning over the leaves when he got to the bottom of a page, beginning at the top line of the next one, and going regularly on with the greatest interest and eagerness.

What was Oliver's horror and alarm as he stood a few paces off, looking on with his eye-lids as wide open as they would possibly go, to see the Dodger plunge his hand into this old gentleman's pocket, and draw from thence a handkerchief, which he handed to Charley Bates, and with which they both ran away round the corner at full speed!

In one instant the whole mystery of the handkerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and the Jew, rushed upon the boy's mind. He stood for a moment with the blood tingling so through all his veins from terror, that he felt as if he were in a burning fire; then, confused and frightened, he took to his heels, and, not knowing what he did, made off as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground.

This was all done in a minute's space, and the very instant that Oliver began to run, the

old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharp round. Seeing the boy scudding away at such a rapid pace, he very naturally concluded him to be the depredator, and, shouting "Stop thief!" with all his might, made off after him, book in hand.

But the old gentleman was not the only person who raised the hue and cry. The Dodger and Master Bates, unwilling to attract public attention by running down the open street, had merely retired into the very first doorway round the corner. They no sooner heard the cry, and saw Oliver running, than, guessing exactly how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude, and, shouting "Stop thief!" too, joined in the pursuit like good citizens.

Although Oliver had been brought up by philosophers, he was not theoretically acquainted with their beautiful axiom that self-preservation is the first law of nature. If he had been, perhaps he would have been prepared for this. Not being prepared, however, it alarmed him the more; so away he went like the wind, with the old gentleman and the two boys roaring and shouting behind him.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" There is a magic in the sound. The tradesman leaves his counter, and the carman his wagon; the butcher throws down his tray, the baker his basket, the milk-man his pail, the errand-boy his parcels, the schoolboy his marbles, the paviour his pick-axe, the child his battledore: away they run, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash, tearing, yelling, and screaming, knocking down the passengers as they turn the corners, rousing up the dogs and astonishing the fowls; and streets, squares, and courts re-echo with the sound.

"Stop thief! stop thief!" The cry is taken up by a hundred voices, and the crowd accumulate at every turning. Away they fly, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements; up go the windows, out run the people, onward bear the mob: a whole audience desert Punch in the very thickest of the plot, and, joining the rushing throng, swell the shout, and lend fresh vigour to the cry, "Stop thief! stop thief!"

"Stop thief! stop thief!" There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast. One wretched, breathless child, panting with exhaustion, terror in his looks, agony in his eye, large drops of perspiration streaming down his face, strains every nerve to make head upon his pursuers; and as they follow on his track, and gain upon him every instant, they hail his decreasing strength with still louder shouts, and whoop and scream with joy "Stop thief!"—Ay, stop him for God's sake, were it only in mercy!

Stopped at last. A clever blow that. He's

down upon the pavement, and the crowd eagerly gather round him; each new comer jostling and struggling with the others to catch a glimpse. "Stand aside!"—"Give him a little air!"—"Nonsense! he don't deserve it."—"Where's the gentleman?"—"Here he is, coming down the street."—"Make room there for the gentleman!"—"Is this the boy, sir?"—"Yes."

Oliver lay covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth, looking wildly round upon the heap of faces that surrounded him, when the old gentleman was officiously dragged and pushed into the circle by the foremost of the pursuers, and made this reply to their anxious inquiries.

"Yes," said the gentleman in a benevolent voice, "I am afraid it is."

"Afraid!" murmured the crowd. "That's a good un."

"Poor fellow!" said the gentleman, "he has hurt himself."

"I did that, sir," said a great lubberly fellow stepping forward; "and preciously I cut my knuckle agin' his mouth. I stopped him, sir."

The fellow touched his hat with a grin, expecting something for his pains; but the old gentleman, eyeing him with an expression of disgust, looked anxiously round, as if he contemplated running away himself; which it is very possible he might have attempted to do, and thus afforded another chase, had not a police officer (who is always the last person to arrive in such cases, at that moment made his way through the crowd, and seized Oliver by the collar.

"Come, get up," said the man roughly. "It wasn't me indeed, sir. Indeed, indeed, it was two other boys," said Oliver, clasping his hands passionately, and looking round: "they are here somewhere."

"Oh no, they aint," said the officer. He meant this to be ironical; but it was true besides, for the Dodger and Charley Bates had filed off down the first convenient court they came to.—"Come, get up."

"Don't hurt him," said the old gentleman compassionately.

"Oh no, I wont hurt him," replied the officer, tearing his jacket half off his back in proof thereof. "Come I know you; it wont do. Will you stand upon your legs, you young devil?"

Oliver, who could hardly stand, made a shift to raise himself upon his feet, and was at once lugged along the streets by the jacket collar at a rapid pace. The gentleman walked on with them by the officer's side; and as many of the crowd as could, got a little a-head, and stared back at Oliver from time to time. The boys shouted in triumph, and on they went. — *Bentley's Miscellany.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE SALMON.

THE salmon, alone, and the different ways of killing and dressing him, would fill a volume. Rods, nets, spears, dogs, men, are all in requisition against this noble fish. The scenes in *Redgauntlet* and *Guy Mannering* appear before us, together with those falls at Kilmorac where the Frasers of Lovat used to treat their guests with "a voluntarily cooked salmon." The volition we doubt; but be that as it may, "a kettle was placed upon the flat rock on the south side of the fall, close by the edge of the water, and kept full and boiling. There is a considerable extent of the rock where tents were erected, and the whole was under the canopy of overshadowing trees. There the company are said to have waited until a salmon fell into the kettle, and was boiled in their presence." As to the cookery, he may be very good *au bleu*, *à la genevoise*, or in salad—but it is "painting the lily." The simple mode recommended by Sir Humphry Davy is excellent: but he does not seem to have eaten salmon at Killarney, broiled in slices on skewers of arbutus wood over a fire of the same, while the potato beneath is allowed to absorb the exuberances which the fire extracts.—*Quarterly Review.*

A TUREEN OF SOUP.

PRINCE POTEMKIN frequently had his favourite sterlet-soup, at seasons when that fish is so enormously dear, that this soup alone, which might be considered only as the overture to his dinner, stood him in three hundred rubles. Being at Yassy, the prince had promised some of the women that went about with him everywhere, and formed his court, a soup of this kind;—or perhaps, in one of those whims which were so common with him, he had a mind to it himself; but as the capital maker of it was at St. Petersburg, he despatched a major to travel post, with orders to have a large tureen of it made, which he did accordingly, and brought it with him well luted. Now let the reader judge of the expense this fancy put him to: the cook, as we may imagine, made a greater quantity of it than was wanted for the prince, and ate the remainder with his friends; nay, we may be very sure that he ate it better than the prince, to whom it must have come somewhat less fresh, after having travelled 2,000 versts.—*Life of Catherine II., Empress of Russia.*

ANTIQUITY OF FORKS.

PETER DAMIANI in writing to the Lady Blanche, once a petty princess, who had

entered into a convent, among other topics of necessary exhortation, dwells at no small length on the bad living in the convent as compared with "the very savoury and almost royal feasts with which her slender and delicate body had been nourished from the beginning of her sucking infancy." He fears that the potherbs and the other common fare of the nuns will not be very agreeable to one who had been accustomed to "delicacies brought over the sea," and made more delicate still "with Indian sauces." To warn her, however, of the great danger of setting her heart on luxurious living, he proceeds to tell her a story which he had heard from a person of veracity. The Doge of Venice had married a lady from Constantinople whose luxury surpassed all imagination. She would not even wash in common water, but had the cruelty to compel her servants to collect rain-water for her! Her chamber was perfumed with aromatics so many in number, that Damiani would have been quite ashamed to mention them, and no one would believe him if he had. But, what is most monstrous, this wicked creature would not eat with her fingers, but absolutely had her food cut into pieces, rather small (*minutius*), by her attendants, and then—she actually conveyed them to her mouth with certain golden two-pronged forks! With the judgments which of course befell this profligate slave of luxury we are not concerned, but we at least discover the important fact, that the luxury of forks was a novelty in Italy in Damiani's days, *i. e.* about the time of William the Conqueror.—*Quarterly Review*.

EATING PIG.

THE Lady Guilla, an Italian countess of the eleventh century, wanting, it would seem, a dinner, carried off a pig from a widow close by, set her cooks hard to work on it, and when it was ready sat down to dinner. The widow had often begged that the victim might be given back to her, but the countess, having snuffed up the savour of roast pig "in her mind's nose," turned a deaf ear to all solicitations. The widow, nothing daunted, broke in upon her in the very act of eating the pig, and (very reasonably) begged that she might at least have a taste of this pig of her own feeding. "Let me," she said, "though not thought worthy to enjoy in the accustomed way what I nursed and fed so carefully, at least have a taste of its last savour." The proud matron not only refused her a morsel of the pig, but told her, in the most insolent manner, that she should have none. But the very same day, after dinner, "having thus fattened her stomach by this robbery of another person," she went out for a stroll, and sat down under the side of the castle moat. While she was there, some of

the fortifications above gave way, and towers and earth came down on her. They set men to dig her out, but the weight which had fallen on her was such as to have beaten her to atoms, or, as the narrator says in his pointed way, "she who had denied a piece of pork to the widow, was smashed into pieces herself."
—*Ibid*.

GIN-DRINKING AND SAVINGS.

IN the year 1834, the poverty of England laid out in gin 21,874,000*l.* The account was still better in 1835, when it was 23,397,000*l. only*—an increase of upwards of a million and a half in twelve months! In 1836 it was 24,710,000*l.*—the million and a half increase having been duly kept up. We are to bear in mind also, that the whole population of England and Wales is not above fourteen millions, and that the gin-drinking is confined to the exclusive pleasure of the populace; gin never being among the luxuries of a gentleman's table, and very seldom finding its way into his house. And Ireland and Scotland smuggling and distilling their own beverage *ad libitum*. While even in England the gin-drinking is narrowed within these few years by the teetotallers and other lovers of keeping themselves in hot water. Now, if we estimate the deposit in the savings banks so low as twelve millions a-year, adding these to the expenditure on gin, we have at once 36,000,000*l.* a-year, namely the full interest of the national debt; in other words, the whole national debt itself; for every one knows that the debt is nothing but the interest. Thus the poverty of England, if it should please to give up misery and mortality in the shape of dram-drinking, and add to what is saved from the gin-shop, what it is palpably able to lay by from its daily expenditure, would be enough to pay off the national debt any Easter of its existence. So much for poverty.

We wish that the teetotallers would make a grand invasion of the distillery, and after boiling a few of the concoctors of conflagration in their own vats, let in the Thames to liquify the whole *plant*. With all this, we are aware of the respect due to vested interests. The physicians, to whom apoplexies are rent-rolls; the surgeons, who live on the broken bones of humanity; the undertakers, who keep themselves in their own houses, by removing every one else from theirs; and last, and most grasping of all, the Chancellors of the Exchequer, who tax the tombstones, and lay their hands upon everything above and under ground. The slightest check on the national propensity for gin would be answered by a general wail from the whole multitude who live on the sad varieties of human wo. The turnkeys of the county

gaols would grow melancholy, and toy with handcuffs no longer. Jack Ketch would pronounce his occupation o'er; and the "drop itself might be sold for old furniture not required at present by the owner."

But the calamity would not end here. Themis herself might give up her last breath in a groan that would shake the land from Westminster Hall to the Lizard. The judges would find their circuits reduced to the important duty of marching into the counties with a *posse* of clowns before them, and the sheriff's carriage to make up the show. The leanness of the courts would soon reduce the corporiety of the lawyers, and a speedy mortality, or a general recruiting for the East India Company's service, would be the only resources against eating each other. With the barristers the solicitors must go, that active race, whose smaller dimensions by no means preclude their rival activity in extracting their subsistence from whatever they can fix on. The generation of clerks and law subalterns of all shapes, sizes, and stings, who live by the superior genera, must be reduced to the famine point without delay.

"So, naturalists say, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey,
And they have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed, *ad infinitum*."

All must perish alike; and lawyers, even to the grade invisible and next the worm, must go together to oblivion.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.
VOL. IV.

[THIS volume is more anecdotic and less biographical than its predecessors. It contains six years of Scott's most active literary life, and is full of the details of publishing projects and driving of hard bargains—all which denote Sir Walter to have been much more than a man of sentiment, who, amidst the delights of literature never lost sight of its more substantial profits, by "putting money in his purse." Commencing in 1816, we have the publication of *Paul's Letters*, the *Antiquary*, and the first *Tales of my Landlord*, and the commencement of building Abbotsford. In 1817, *Rob Roy* was projected and finished. In 1818, came out the second series of *Tales of my Landlord*, and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*; and there is much interesting correspondence on the Scottish regalia, the progress of Abbotsford, with details of Scott's domestic life at Edinburgh. In 1819, Scott accepted the Baronetcy, suffered much illness even while dictating the *Bride of Lammermuir*; yet commenced and published *Ivanhoe*. In this year too, we have much family and miscellaneous correspondence. In 1820, the *Monastery* appeared; Scott visited Lon-

don, sat for his portrait to Lawrence, and for his bust to Chantrey, his baronetcy was gazetted, &c. We select a few pages, perhaps the most striking of Mr. Lockhart's writing in the volume, upon

The Success of *Ivanhoe*.

If literary success could have either filled Scott's head or hardened his heart, we should have no such letters as those of December, 1819. *Ivanhoe* was received throughout England with a more clamorous delight than any of the *Scotch novels* had been. The volumes (three in number) were now, for the first time, of the post 8vo. form, with a finer paper than hitherto, the press-work much more elegant, and the price accordingly raised from eight shillings the volume to ten; yet the copies sold in this original shape were twelve thousand.

I ought to have mentioned sooner, that the original intention was to bring out *Ivanhoe* as the production of a new hand, and that, to assist this impression, the work was printed in a size and manner unlike the preceding ones; but Constable, when the day of publication approached, remonstrated against this experiment, and it was accordingly abandoned.

The reader has already been told that Scott dictated the greater part of this romance. The portion of MS. which is his own appears, however, not only as well and firmly executed as that of any of the *Tales of My Landlord*, but distinguished by having still fewer erasures and interlineations, and also by being in a smaller hand. The fragment is beautiful to look at—many pages together without one alteration. It is, I suppose, superfluous to add, that in no instance did Scott re-write his prose before sending it to the press. Whatever may have been the case with his poetry, the world uniformly received the *prima cura* of the novelist.

As a work of art, *Ivanhoe* is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts, whether in prose or in verse; nor have the strength and splendour of his imagination been displayed to higher advantage than in some of the scenes of this romance. But I believe that no reader who is capable of thoroughly comprehending the author's Scotch characters and Scotch dialogue will ever place even *Ivanhoe*, as a work of genius, on the same level with *Waverley* or the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*.

There is, to me, something so remarkably characteristic of Scott's mind and manner in a particular passage of the Introduction, which he penned ten years afterwards for this work, that I must be pardoned for extracting it here. He says:—"The character of the fair Jewess found so much favour in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the

fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit; and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily Virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

The introduction of the charming Jewess and her father originated, I find, in a conversation that Scott held with his friend Skene during the severest season of his bodily sufferings in the early part of this year. "Mr. Skene," says that gentleman's wife, "sitting by his bedside, and trying to amuse him as well as he could in the intervals of pain, happened to get on the subject of the Jews, as he had observed them when he spent some time in Germany in his youth. Their situation had naturally made a strong impression; for in those days they retained their own dress and manners entire, and were treated with considerable austerity by their Christian neighbours, being still locked up at night in their own quarter by great gates; and Mr. Skene, partly in seriousness, but partly from the mere wish to turn his mind at the moment upon something that might occupy and divert it, suggested that a group of Jews would be an interesting feature if he could contrive to bring them into his next novel." Upon the appearance of *Ivanhoe*, he reminded Mr. Skene of this conversation, and said, "You will find this book owes not a little to your German reminiscences." Mrs. Skene adds: "Dining with us one day, not long before *Ivanhoe* was begun, something that was mentioned led him to describe the sudden death of an advocate of his acquaintance, a Mr. Elphinstone, which occurred in the *Outer-house*

soon after he was called to the bar. It was, he said, no wonder, that it had left a vivid impression on his mind, for it was the first sudden death he ever witnessed; and he now related it so as to make us all feel as if we had the scene passing before our eyes. In the death of the Templar in *Ivanhoe*, I recognised the very picture—I believe I may safely say the very words."

By the way, before *Ivanhoe* made its appearance, I had myself been formally admitted to the author's secret; but had he favoured me with no such confidence, it would have been impossible for me to doubt that I had been present some months before at the conversation which suggested, and indeed supplied all the materials of, one of its most amusing chapters. I allude to that in which our Saxon terms for animals in the field, and our Norman equivalents for them as they appear on the table, and so on, are explained and commented on. All this Scott owed to the after-dinner talk one day in Castle-street, of his old friend Mr. William Clerk, who, among other elegant pursuits, has cultivated the science of philology very deeply.

I cannot conclude this chapter without observing that the publication of *Ivanhoe* marks the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history as the literary favourite of his contemporaries. With the novel which he next put forth, the immediate sale of these works began gradually to decline; and though even when that had reached its lowest declension, it was still far above the most ambitious dreams of any other novelist, yet the publishers were afraid the announcement of any thing like a falling-off might cast a damp over the spirits of the author. He was allowed to remain, for several years, under the impression that whatever novel he threw off commanded at once the old triumphant sale of ten or twelve thousand, and was afterwards, when included in the collective edition, to be circulated in that shape also as widely as *Waverley* or *Ivanhoe*. In my opinion, it would have been very unwise in the booksellers to give Scott any unfavourable tidings upon such subjects after the commencement of the malady which proved fatal to him, for that from the first shook his mind; but I think they took a false measure of the man when they hesitated to tell him exactly how the matter stood, throughout 1820 and the three or four following years, when his intellect was as vigorous as it ever had been, and his heart as courageous; and I regret their scruples (among other reasons), because the years now mentioned were the most costly ones in his life; and for every twelvemonths in which any man allows himself, or is encouraged by others, to proceed in a course of unwise expenditure, it becomes proportionably more

• See *Waverley Novels*, vol. xvii., p. 379.

difficult, as well as painful for him to pull up, when the mistake is at length detected or recognised.

The Gatherrr.

Indian Antiquities.—A very extensive and valuable collection has lately been received at the museum of the East India House, and has since been prepared for inspection by Professor Wilson. It contains nearly 7,000 specimens of antiquities, principally sculptures and coins, collected by Mr. Masson, originally a private in the Artillery of the E. I. C., and presented by the Bombay government, being Bactrian, Hindoo-Scythian, and Hindoo. These specimens were found in the topes, or remarkable stone tumuli found in the countries along the foot of the Hindoo Kosh, or Indian Caucasus, up even to Balk and Bokhara, which were erected to the memory of their priests and sainted personages, and compose their votive offerings and relics. Many of the coins are gold, all in the highest state of preservation, with the appearance of having been but recently turned out of the mint, whilst others are of silver, copper, bronze, &c. The impressions on the former are very legible, and denote two Barbaric princes new to history, prior to the fall of the Bactrian dynasty, which took place about 150 years before Christ; as also the names of several Grecian princes, the æra to which they belong being well defined by the costume. The coins and other relics, consisting of beads, silver ornaments, &c., were severally in gold, and these again in silver, boxes, which were deposited in vases of some earthen manufacture, many of which are in fine preservation. In some were found pieces of bark, on which are some inscriptions still partly legible, but which have fallen into pieces or dust. The inscriptions on the coins contain reference to many Greek and other legends, whilst many of them will be found to assist in illustrating the chronology of the different dynasties of this part of our empire.

Sawdust and Gunpowder.—The *Mining Journal* has a valuable paper on the use of gunpowder mixed with sawdust for blasting. Cartridges of this composition have been long used in Germany, even in the mines; and the immense saving of expense by the use of them seems to recommend the experiment, at least wherever blasting is necessary. The destructive effect of the Congreve rockets is attributed to the mixture of sawdust with gunpowder in their manufacture. The essential conditions in the mixture seem to be the separation of the gunpowder grains, and the formation of vacuities, presenting, as it were, continuous

air-tubes, and thus allowing the utmost rapidity of combustion. The objection to this process in mines is, that the atmosphere is vitiated by the burnt sawdust. It appears, however, by a succession of experiments in the Silesian mines, that this obstacle to the use of the mixture has been overcome.

James Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, is a member of the Athenæum, Union, and Garrick Clubs; and at the doors of these his grey mare may be often seen. He himself is to be seen inside, rigidly restricting himself at dinner, (so we are told in confidence,) to a half pint of sherry! We have characterized Mathews as a company of comedians—let us designate James Smith as an incorporated temperance society. But let us, above all things, do him justice. His half-pint is not his choice—he dilutes it with frequent tears. He is restricted, not by virtuous sobriety, but by vicious gout. Of that, we have already said, he stands, or rather sits, in awe. But for that, we venture to say, there would be no such small bottle of that liquid, to remind the observer of Pope's "Avidien and his Wife," (Lady Mary Wortley and her then antiquated spouse.)—

"One frugal cruet served them both to dine,
And pass'd at once for vinegar and wine."

The late Sir William Aylett, a grumbling member of the Union, and a two bottle man, observing Mr. Smith to be thus frugally furnished, eyed his cruet with contempt, and exclaimed, "So I see you have got one of those confounded life preservers!"—*New Monthly Magazine*.

Educated Persons speak much more metaphorically than they are aware of.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Friendly Banter.—Friend Grace, it seems, had a very good horse and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, he was asked the reason, (it turned out that his better half had taken the good one). "What," said the bantering bachelor, "how comes it you let mistress ride the better horse?"—The only reply was—"Friend, when thee be'est married thee'll't know."—*Ibid*.

Simple Nomenclature.—One of Dobereiner's new combinations of platinum is named *Cyanplatinwasserstoffsäure*!

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